The Wellsboro Gazette.

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GEO. W. MERRICK. ROB'T E. YOUNG.

MERRICK & YOUNG,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Cameron & Packer's new block May 14, 1889.

H. P. ERWIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR, Wellsboro, Pa. Fine custom tailoring at fair prices. Good fits guaranteed in every case. Shop over *Agitator* office.—Nov. 10, 1890.

WRIGHT & CONEVERY,

JOB PRINTERS, in Wright's new block Main st., over the drug store. All kinds of plain and ornamental Job Printing executed with neatness and dispatch.

FRANK H. ROSE,

DENTIST. Office over C. C. Mathers & Co.'s store, Wellsboro, Pa. Plain work of the natural teeth a specialty. All work warranted to give satisfaction.—Nov. 13, 1885.

GEO. W. NAYLE,

HARNESS MAKER, Clinton St., below Main and Pearl, Wellsboro, Pa. Light Double and Single Harness made to order on short notice. The largest stock of Horse Furnishing Goods in Tioga County.—Mar. 6, 1889.

O. H. DAVIS,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. Established 1877. Leading English and American companies represented. Special features attending insurance on farm property. Office on second floor in Wright's Block, next to Gazette office, Main st., Wellsboro, Pa.—Nov. 22, 1888-1y.

RAILWAY GUIDE.

FALL BROOK COAL CO'S RAILWAYS.

Took effect November 30, 1890.

Southern Division, Geneva & Corning.

Going North (Read up.)	STATIONS.	Going South (Read down.)
6	4	2		1	3	5
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
6 15	3 25	9 00	Lyons	7 25	10 05	4 45
7 45	1 45	8 05	Geneva	8 10	12 30	7 05
7 12	1 15	8 03	Dresden	8 48	1 15	7 35
7 02	1 05	7 53	Himrods	8 58	1 30	7 45
6 45	12 45	7 37	Dundee	9 09	2 15	8 02
6 33	12 32	7 15	Watkins Sta.	9 32	2 48	8 25
6 21	12 21	6 54	Beaver Dam	9 45	3 05	8 40
5 55	11 30	6 30	Dp Corning Ar	10 20	4 00	9 15

Corning, Cowanesque & Antrim Div.

	6	10	8	STATIONS.	1	3	7
	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
3 m				Dp Antrim Ar	1 03		
2 10				*Summit	12 42		
3 25				*Round Top	12 30		
3 52	11 45	7 05		WILLIAMSON	12 05	5 10	7 10
4 02	11 55	7 15		Stokesdale	11 55	5 00	7 00
4 08	12 00	7 18		Stokesdale Junc	12 05	6 00	7 05
4 11	12 37	7 20		Niles Valley	11 48	5 47	7 03
4 16	12 00	7 25		Middlebury	11 43	5 43	7 00
4 25	12 30	7 37		Holiday	11 40	5 38	6 52
4 28	12 44	7 38		*Hammond	11 32	5 29	6 42
4 33	12 50	7 43		Hoga	11 25	5 20	6 37
4 38	1 00	7 48		Lathrop	11 18	5 10	6 32
4 55	1 12	8 05		Lawrenceville	11 08	4 55	6 12
5 05	1 18	8 15		Tinsley	11 02	4 45	6 12
5 20	1 28	8 26		Presho	10 53	4 26	6 02
5 30	1 50	8 40	Ar	Corning Dp	10 35	4 15	5 45

Pine Creek Division.

	10	6	STATIONS.	1	3
	P.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.
	12 15	4 15	WELLSBORO	11 45	5 55
	12 08	4 07	Stokesdale	11 52	5 46
	12 00	4 00	Stokesdale Junc	12 00	5 40
	11 41	3 50	*Marsh Creek	12 17	6 14
	11 31	3 44	Ansonia	12 22	6 20
	11 23	3 36	*Four Mile Run	12 30	6 28
	11 00	3 21	*Findaglation	12 42	6 41
	10 40	3 10	Blackwell's	1 15	7 15
	10 30	2 58	Cedar Run	1 28	7 27
	8 55	2 15	Waterville	2 15	8 27
	8 00	1 45	Jersey Shore	2 45	9 00
	7 50	1 15	Newberry Junc	3 15	9 30
	7 25	1 05	Williamsport	3 25	9 45
	A.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.

Cowanesque Branch.

24	6	8	STATIONS.	1	7	23
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6 00	5 30	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp	10 35	5 45	6 20
4 28	4 48	7 08	Lawrenceville	11 15	6 25	8 03
4 18	4 38	7 00	Tioga	11 25	6 35	8 13
3 10	4 07	7 28	Elkland	11 55	7 01	9 08
3 00	4 07	7 28	Osceola	11 55	7 06	9 40

Addison & Pennsylvania R'y

GOING NORTH	STATIONS	GOING SOUTH
P.M.		P.M.
2 35	Dp. Addison Ar	4 45
2 44	Rexford	4 36
2 50	Nile	4 30
2 55	Oakland	4 25
3 02	Jasper	4 18
3 15	Arkport	4 05
3 25	Canaseraga	3 55
3 40	Kanona	3 40
3 50	Bathtown	3 30
4 00	Haverno	3 20
4 20	Wayland	3 00
4 35	Gainesville	2 45
4 50	Ar. Oakdale Dp	2 30

Additional train leaves Addison at 7:30 a. m. for Oakdale, returning leaves Oakdale at 8:30 a. m.

FRANK E. BAKER, Sup.

COLES HOTEL

Bath Room and Barber Shop

[illegible] COLES, Prop.

[illegible] and hot baths in the house. Two [illegible] Give me a call.

NEW YORK SHOP

[illegible]

S. S. S. [illegible]

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS

has won the foremost place among Pennsylvania newspapers by the liberality, enterprise, and fairness with which it conducts its business, reports great events, and the completeness with which it records, day by day, the life of the city, State and country.

Its field is world-wide, and its staff, its special correspondents, so many and well organized, its service of news so numerous that it appears to a wider constituency than any other newspaper ever published in Pennsylvania.

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The printing of news is always the first business, but the columns of the PRESS are enriched from the most gifted special writers, the most famous novelists, and some of the most eminent public men of the time. The literary elements already made for 1891 probably surpass in number and variety, and nearly equal in cost, any contemporary magazine, for the skill and resources of such a newspaper as the PRESS make it not only a daily historian, but a daily forum and a daily tribune.

Its steadily growing profits and its steadfast constituency not only demand, but insure progress. The greatest authors, as well as the brightest news correspondents, find their largest profits derived from any Pennsylvania newspaper, as well as their best appreciative audience, in DAILY, SUNDAY and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics the PRESS is Republican, but it knows no other master than the people whose rights, aspirations, and needs it always defends. It has no enemies to punish, no individual political ambitions to foster or promote, and is subservient to no politician or clique. Faithful to the great body of readers and voters, whom it truly represents, it promotes its own interest and influence by faithfully upholding theirs. Its editorial opinions are fearless and frank—never captious. Its news is always impartial. In its pages the workingmen finds as ready audience as the capitalists. To all commercial and kindred progress, to the best thought and best action in every sphere of human enterprise, it accords a generous and enlightened hospitality. In the columns of the PHILADELPHIA PRESS justice finds "all seasons Summer."

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THE PRESS COMPANY, Limited,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HUGH LEGARE, Pres't. W. D. VANHORN, Cashier.

THE

Wellsborough National Bank

ORGANIZED, Oct. 9, 1888.
CHARTERED, Nov. 10, 1888.

Capital paid in, - - - $50,000
Authorized Capital, - - $150,000

DIRECTORS.

JESSE R. NILES, JNO. N. RANSE,
R. N. MCCOY, CHAS. TUBBS,
AMOS FOLLMER, H. D. BRADLEY,
HUGH YOUNG, W. D. VANHORN,
E. B. HACKER.

Our facilities for prompt collections are unsurpassed.

Interest paid on time deposits.

We discount paper at six per cent. only.

We respectfully solicit your business, and if we get it we will endeavor to keep it.

WELLSBORO, Pa., Oct. 23, 1890.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO, PA.

I. F. ROBINSON, Pres't. J. M. HOBINSON, Cashier.
L. L. RALSTON, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL STOCK, $100,000
SURPLUS, - $100,000

This Bank transacts a General Banking business; makes collections, sells drafts on Europe, and gives prompt attention to all business at lowest rates.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Steamship tickets by first-class lines to and from New York.

With a record of twenty-three years of prudent and successful management, marked by a steady growth of both Capital and Patronage, this Bank does business on as liberal terms as are consistent with safe banking.

Wellsboro Pa., March 3, 1890.

ERIE'S NEW TIME TABLE.

In effect May 11, 1890.

WESTWARD.

Trains leaving Elmira as follows:

No. 7, Chicago & Grand Trunk Express.....2:15 a.m
No. 3, Chicago Express via Salamanca.....5:51 "
No. 29, Local to Hornellsville.....8:55 "
No. 17, Rochester Express.....1:40 p.m
No. 15, Monitor to Hornellsville.....4:35 "
No. 1, Day Express.....5:45 "
No. 101, To Rochester.....9:30 "
No. 11, Local to Hornellsville.....9:27 "
No. 5, Chicago & St. Louis, Vestibuled.....11:15 "
No. 103, Rochester Way.....6:50 a.m

EASTWARD.

Trains leaving Elmira as follows.

No. 4, St. Louis Express.....3:00 a.m
No. 16, Monitor to Binghamton.....7:50 "
No. 2, Chicago & Grand Trunk Express.....9:00 "
No. 8, Chicago & St. Louis, Vestibuled.....2:58 p.m
No. 24, Local to Susquehanna.....6:00 "
No. 12, Chicago Express.....10:20 "

The Tioga train leaving Elmira in the morning now leaves at 9:45, instead of 9:50 as formerly.

A FULL LINE OF

Fall and Winter Goods

JUST RECEIVED AT

F. S. BLACK'S,

Merchant Tailor.

Fine Work a Specialty.

[illegible] Block.

GARDNER'S

Insurance Agency

WELLSBORO, PA.

Represents the following reliable companies:

Imperial of London, Hartford, American Central, Springfield, Citizens, Fidelity and Casualty.

Fire and Tornado Insurance written on property in Tioga county at January 1st, 1891.

Tioga County People

When you visit Corning, N. Y. do not fail to call at the

CRYSTAL CITY

One Price Clothing House,

Opposite the St. James Hotel, on the West Side.

First-Class Tailoring Department

Connected with the House.

Corning, N.Y., Oct. 9, 1890. L. MY

Uncle William's Picture.

Uncle William, last July
Had his picture took,
"Have it done of course," says I,
"Jes the way you look."
All dressed up he was, for the
Barbecue and jubilee
The Old Settlers held; so he
Last he had it took.

Lide she'd cooked and begged and plead.
Sence her mother went
But he'd cough and shake his head
At all argument;
Mebby clear his throat ane say,
What's the use to waste the money
When a hundred mount to nigh,
Now, with mother gone away
From us, like she went?

But we'd pirsevere round, tell we
Got it tuggered down
How we'd get him, Lide and me,
Driven into town.
Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
Up around the face, and freshed
With the morning air; and freshed
His complexion down.

And so prevaricate. Why,
Now he's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so lifelike I
Want to start him on
Them old tales he us't to tell
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well
'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is *sad* to *Lide*, and they's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kisses it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries!
I smooth down her hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Bein' there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.

James Whitcomb Riley, in January Century.

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WARNELL."

[COPYRIGHT, 1890.]

CHAPTER XX.

When Eugene next called on Armida he did as his father had suggested. He told her that he had made a great mistake and asked her permission to remain on friendly terms so that he might continue to improve himself under her tuition and profit by her counsel.

Armida gladly consented and he was once more welcomed to the Delaro circle.

He did not again see his father for several days, and was therefore unable to report, but fortune favored his plans and one afternoon when Eugene was feigning hard study with Armida, Mr. Blodger came bouncing into the room and announced that he was going to see the matinee performance at the Wild West show and invited them all to accompany him. Armida at once accepted the invitation and so did her mother, but Eugene made the excuse that his head ached.

"Ah! the more reason why you should go," said Blodger. "It will drive your headache away."

Still Eugene would not be persuaded and Armida put it down to sullenness.

The carriage was sent for and called, however, by his refusal. Mrs. Delaro suggested that he should stay at home and "keep house," as she playfully termed it. This was exactly what Eugene wanted, and nothing could have suited him better. So he readily consented, and the party went, leaving him to act as he pleased.

Mr. Blodger was in his element. He took the little party through the American Exhibition; pointed out those things in which he was especially interested, and finally they reached the Wild West show and entered a private box which Mr. Blodger had already engaged. The performance, so familiar to most Americans, commenced. Every thing went along pleasantly, and everybody was delighted, until the show came to a close. After it was over the originator of it, Hon. Buffalo Bill, held one of his celebrated receptions, while the visitors interested themselves in examining the tents of the Indians, the bucking bronchos and all the paraphernalia of the Wild West.

At last when every thing had been seen Mr. Blodger and his party turned to go. As they did so a disturbance suddenly took place near where they stood and two men could be seen struggling on the ground. The one seemed many years younger than the other and he was evidently holding on to the older man with an embrace which he intended should be lasting. With true English instinct the crowd gathered around the two men to see the fight, but when they noticed the disparity in age they murmured: "Shame! Shame!" Still nobody tried to part them until a burly policeman pushed his way through the crowd and endeavored to part the combatants.

With the help of a bystander he raised the struggling men to their feet, but still the younger man held on and would not loosen his hold.

"I will not let him go," he cried.

The people thought him crazy. At first it seemed to be only a drunken squabble, but the onlookers soon noticed that each of the men were well dressed and then they knew that something more serious than a momentary quarrel must be the cause of the disturbance. The younger man who cried out so loudly was flushed and hot; his cheeks and neck were red as fast flowing blood could make them; but the older man was pallid with the sickly [illegible] death.

This was only the commencement of the trouble, however, for a delectable trio [illegible] Mrs. Delaro was speechless, Armida [illegible] and her mother [illegible]

"LEON VALASQUEZ! MY HUSBAND'S MURDERER!"

have smothered Eugene's hopes forever had he witnessed the deep genuineness of her welcome.

A moment later the policeman took his prisoner into the office, and Mrs. Delaro, Armida and Percy followed. During all the time the prisoner did not utter a word. He was allowed to sit down, and when once he raised his blanched, terror-stricken face, Armida immediately recognized it.

"Mother, that is Mr. Emerick; there must be some mistake."

"No mistake, my child. I know Leon Velasquez's face too well to ever forget it."

Meantime, cabs had been ordered, and the prisoner, accompanied by two policemen, entered one, while the others were occupied by the rest of the party, and they drove away from the immense crowd, which had gathered to the police station. The charge was entered, and Mrs. Delaro and Percy were instructed to appear next day and give their evidence against the prisoner.

The entire party then returned to the hotel together. Mr. Blodger, who was considerably mystified and wished to hear the whole story, decided to accompany the party, and of course he had to take his heavy-weight son along with him.

When they were once more seated in one of the elegant suite of rooms which Mrs. Delaro occupied Armida was the first to speak—

"Where is Mr. Bregy? Did he not say he would wait until we returned?"

"Probably he felt too unwell to remain and went to his hotel," said her mother, but no sooner had she uttered the words than her maid came into the room crying and sobbing: "Oh, Mrs. Delaro, they have taken Mr. Bregy to the police station and there has been terrible trouble here."

"Taken Mr. Bregy to the police station—why what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Delaro.

As well as she could, in her excited state, the girl related how one of the porters, in passing the door which was slightly ajar, had seen Miss Armida writing and trying to open it. The man watched him until he had opened it and when Mr. Bregy had his hat on ready to leave he rushed in and seized him. The porter naturally felt justified in planning him under arrest as he caught him with a bundle of Bank of England notes in his fingers.

"Surely, there must be some horrible mistake about it all," said Armida.

"There is no mistake at all, miss," said the garrulous girl, "for they have locked him up at the police station, and he will be taken before the magistrate in the morning."

Still Armida could not believe it, and was determined to go and see Eugene; but as she could not go alone, she accepted Mr. Blodger's offer to accompany her.

While she was away on this errand Percy Lovel told Mrs. Delaro his story, from the time he had left New-York for South America up to the encounter at the Wild West Show.

"For the past week," he proceeded, "I have been trying to find you. I have sought you at most hotels and examined the register at the American Exchange, but could not secure any trace of you."

"This afternoon I determined on indulging in a little recreation and attended the Wild West Show. Just as I was coming away, the man whom we were each looking for (though until recently I had no positive grounds for supposing that Julius Emerick and Leon Velasquez were identical) crossed my path, and, as I had previously made up my mind that I would capture him if he ever came within sight of me, I at once grasped him. The rest you know."

Then they fell to talking of the many useless efforts which they had made to capture the villain. "Now," said Mrs. Delaro, "that I know that he is safe in the hands of the law, I feel that I can spend the closing days of my life in rest and peace. You, Percy," she said, "have been my true and devoted friend all through and will not leave me now. To you we owe every thing, and you are the only friend upon whom we can rely in future."

It is where your dear old friend, Mr. W[illegible], who listened with

"I AM NOT YOUR HUSBAND AND NEVER HAVE BEEN."

into believing it in order to rob you of your fortune," she said.

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Bregy. "He is my husband, my Alphonse, and I must go and see him."

To pacify the woman a carriage was procured and she was taken to the jail where Leon Velasquez was confined.

He was brought into the cage to see her and she at once approached him—"Alphonse, they say you are not my husband. But it is not true, is it?"

"I am not your husband, and never have been," he said, in almost indistinct tones.

"Then why did you say you were?" she said.

"I wanted your money," was the cool rejoinder. He knew his end was near and he mercifully set the poor woman's mind at rest. But she had to be carried out of the room in a swoon.

[To be continued.]

A Peep at the Harem.

First came a long line of covered carriages each drawn by a pair of handsome horses; by the side of the coachman sat a Nubian eunuch, while others of these dusky attendants followed on foot. Within were closely veiled figures—the female members of the royal family; among them the Sultan's mother, the greatest lady in the empire. What visions of a strange secluded life were suggested by these mysterious forms, these shrouded denizens of an unknown world, with its hidden scenes of intrigue and jealousy, of triumph and despair! From the window of one of the carriages a fresh, beautiful young face, entirely unveiled, peeped forth with large, wondering eyes at the military spectacle. There was something strange and touching in this apparition, as when one sees an exquisite flower blooming alone in an arid desert.

A pause followed, and then the Sultana's carriage appeared, an open barouche drawn by two splendid cream-colored horses. On the front seat sat two distinguished military officers, Nafyk and Osman Pasha—the latter the hero of Plevna; alone on the seat opposite, arrayed in a field marshal's uniform, sat the Sultan, a man of somewhat less than middle height, with a sallow complexion, a short dark mustache and beard and melancholy eyes which seemed to glance from side to side with a nervous apprehensive expression. He returned the salutes of the soldiers in a somewhat mechanical fashion, and never once raised his eyes to the windows from which he looked. There were no loud huzzas to be responded to, no crowds of loyal and excited spectators craving for a bow or a smile. All was silence but for the sharp click of the rifles as the soldiers presented arms; far beyond the line of bayonets before us we could only see the greensward and plantations of the imperial garden, as destitute of human life as some sandy stretch of Sahara. There was a time when the Sultans used to drive through the crowded thoroughfares of Constantinople on the day of the Selamlik, but the occasions on which Abdul Hamid II. has shown himself in the streets of his capital might be counted without much difficulty.—*Letter in Boston Advertiser.*

Quoted and Misquoted.

Some of our most popular [illegible] mouth cases, misquoted and misunderstood. Shakespeare, for instance, is often misquoted. A favorite misquotation is "Brevity is the soul of wit." What he really said was "Brevity is the soul of lingerie." Another misquotation is "Hoist with his own petard." What he really said was "Hoist with his own petard, and it behooves each and every one of us to look out lest we be hoist with our own petard." Another misquotation is "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." What he really said was "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just, and he that hath it not is naked though locked up in steel." Another misquotation is "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." What he really said was "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung, and he that is galled let him kick." Another misquotation is "Out, damned spot!" What he really said was "Out, damned spot! Will all the perfumes of Arabia sweeten this little hand?" Another misquotation is "Alas, poor Yorick!" What he really said was "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, but he died before the days of the Associated Press, and consequently his name was not known to the world."

A Chapter of Beginnings.

[illegible] were made before Adam and Mrs. Bridget received [illegible] Many [illegible] were in vogue [illegible] Prime Minister [illegible] Mrs. Bridget [illegible] kind as to have said [illegible] Adam have [illegible] Eve's [illegible] referred to in part [illegible] concerning whom [illegible] Adam [illegible] have their price.

Piano Polishing.

Do not use [illegible] polishes peddled or recommended by any [illegible] A girl must work at least a year or two to learn the business of polishing, so do not think that a woman can learn in two minutes by reading some directions from [illegible] p. 711. If one cannot afford to have it [illegible] by a professional, it can be done at home [illegible] "rubbing oil" and when dry rubbed well with an old piece of cotton flannel. Put on no [illegible]. Use the "rubbing oil" for nothing [illegible] and only [illegible] piano [illegible]. Rub [illegible]

HAVE NO WRINKLES.

Simple Remedies for Removing Crow's-feet in the Face. Delicate Surgical Operations.

"Thy lady love may deceive thee by the brightness of her eyes, her glossy hair, her white teeth, or damask cheek, but look you and count the smile wrinkles at her temples. Count ten years for every long and one year for every short furrow," runs the Spanish proverb.

But the proverb is not true. Recently a girl whom I knew became 21. Taking her silver-backed hand-mirror to an attic chamber where the searching sunlight poured through a sky window she peered into the glass and counted one, two, three long wrinkles.

Is there no remedy?

Of course there are myriads of so-called remedies and preventives for sale. Some claim to act on the skin as to make it taut and smooth. These are seldom tried without resultant injury. Keeping the temples and muscles about the eyes well bathed with almond meal and olive oil, taking care to brush crosswise of the wrinkles, is, perhaps, the best "slow but sure" remedy in existence.

Wrinkles are entirely unnecessary. How frequently you will find an old woman who is proud to claim a bit of the "ould sod" as her birthplace with cheeks as smooth and round as a child's, and the color of a ruddy apple. Sometimes you will be able to find hardly a line about the widely opened, child-like eyes.

Widely opened, child-like eyes! That is one of the secrets. Have you not noticed lately how many of the girls affect the innocent, round-eyed, wondering style of facial expression? Even Mrs. Cleveland does. She frowns, oh so charmingly, bringing the beautiful, black eyebrows almost together, and then a smile from the wide eyes like a flash of sunlight on an April day chases the frown until it runs away and hides in a forest of wavy tresses above. It is remarkably effective. Had I ten daughters I would drill every one with these tactics. Form erect! Head bent slightly forward! Eyes widely opened! Now frown; just a little bit! Now smile! Repeat!

Bending the head slightly obviates the frightened staring appearance which might otherwise be given the Raphael-like look which goes so well with the present styles of graceful gowns and old-fashioned names. Of course this is but one of the reasons, and the other and more important to our story is that the very act of thus opening widely the upper lip draws the skin about the lower part of the eyes taut and smooth, thereby accomplishing the very purpose for which medicines are used.

It is to this end that Turkish mothers have the muscle at the corner of their girl-babies' eyes cut, securing wide eyes and future freedom from crows' feet. Without the surgical operation this habit may be easily learned, and it is best induced by darkness, rarely or never exposing the eyes to powerful sunlight.

Here are a few golden rules to prevent wrinkles:

Be not unduly elated, neither be ye cast down.

Exhibit the [illegible] of dignity and be always placid.

Never sleep on a pillow.

One can not help noticing the satin skins of the Japanese women. One who has studied carefully to ascertain the cause says that daily hot baths may and probably are very important, but I am sure their manner of sleeping is a more potent cause.

You remember having read about the queer little blocks they put under their necks at night, of course.

These are used partly to protect their elaborate coiffures, and, en passant, that is why they have such luxuriant hair. The head being never overheated by the noxious pillow, enables the hair to retain its vitality and prevents its falling out—another word to the wise that is worth much.

In telling how the block pillow is a preventive to wrinkles it must first be explained how one another pillow increase the tendency to them. It will take but a moment to illustrate, this:

Cuddle down to sleep upon a feather pillow and notice how it increases the furrows around the eyes. There are one, two, three, four—never mind how many—wrinkles. It is marvelous to notice how the pillow pressed and deepened the furrows about the temple that were not noticeable before.

(This experiment may be easily tried and noted by means of a hand glass.)

"On the other hand, see how beautifully a block pillow works. Place it comfortably under the neck and you will enjoy the position very much, and it is marvellous to note how little strain is put upon the facial muscles and how smoothly they lie in consequence.

"You will easily see that as the entire weight of the head is supported at the base of the brain the muscles of the face are not in the least drawn and perfect placidity of the features may be maintained throughout the night. To this fact is attributed the rather smooth skin of the Japanese."

"In reality the block pillow is only a fad of a few women of fashion, yet they have become so attached to it that they are putting the heads of their [illegible] up upon the mattress without support at all, preparatory to [illegible] to be used later.

[illegible] for any sleeping on a [illegible] sometimes do for the [illegible] during, they invariably [illegible] the morning [illegible] unnatural [illegible] and hang it on the same

FOXY OLD SITTING BULL.

How He Plays the Role of Prophet and Practices Hypnotism.

Many and wierd are the tales told about Sitting Bull, but the most uncanny yarns of all are those that have been related of him since the red men have been looking for an Indian Messiah. It was not until the craze had become widespread that Sitting Bull began to convert it to his own use, but since then he has been working it for its total value. The cunning old rogue was not so foolhardy as to attempt the role of the Messiah, but has found it more convenient and just as much to his purpose to play the part of prophet. He tells a long and rather pretty story of having been impelled by some strange influence, while wandering in the woods one night, to follow a star which was moving westward through the sky. All night the star guided him, and in the morning he came upon the Messiah clad in a white robe. He had long waving hair and beard, and manifested a desire to speak to Sitting Bull.

Then follows the familiar story of the promised return of the buffalo and the restoration of dead Indians to life. But the manner in which Sitting Bull makes converts and maintains his influence is the remarkable part of the whole affair, says the Minneapolis *Tribune*. A Carlisle boy educated and intelligent—testifies that when he approached Sitting Bull the latter began singing and incidentally seized him by the left foot. He felt as if a charge of electricity had been passed through his system and all the lights shone blue or purple. Sitting Bull then blew upon the crown of his head and he became cold. He asked the young man to put his arms about him, but he was unable to move them. Dozens of other instances of the big chief's mesmeric or hypnotic power are cited, and he has employed it freely and with convincing effect among his people.

Sitting Bull has [illegible] to [illegible] reading the Scriptures [illegible] listening to the missionaries quite attentively, as his story of being led by a star is evidently plagiarized from the Biblical account of the star of Bethlehem. That he is also a newspaper reader, or in some other manner keeps up with the fads of the times, is evidenced by his experiments in hypnotism. If he and his people were not so learned in by civilization and so directly under the eye of the Government there is no telling what mischief he might do. As it is, his capers in the role of prophet have been merely amusing.

Sacred Numbers Are Odd.

Sacred numbers are always odd. Hence may arise the modern superstition among gamblers that there is luck in odd numbers. But among the ancient heathens, also, even numbers were shunned, because each can be divided into two, a number that Pythagoras and others denounced as the symbol of death and dissolution and evil augury generally.

The antique worship or mystic numbers [illegible] various popular superstitions. For instance, the seventh son of a seventh son [illegible] Touch [illegible] is reputed to possess singular powers of healing, and even intelligent people will hold to the fallacy that young animals born blind will open their eyes on the ninth day. The truth is that the blindness period of puppies varies from ten to sixteen days, and that of kittens from six to twelve.

The frequent assertion that "colds" will run their natural course in nine days is equally erroneous. A slight catarrh, characterized by all its unmistakable symptoms, may come and depart in three times twenty-four hours, while chronic "colds" are often as persistent as their cause, and may worry a whole family from Christmas to the season of open windows. Country experts in the phenomena of rabies are apt to assure the victim of a snapping cur that the bite of a mad dog will show its effect on the seventh day, after which time (sometimes extended to the "ninth day") the dread of evil consequences may be dismissed; but the truth is that the virus of hydrophobia may remain latent for more than five years.

The old idea that man changed his body entirely every seven years is part of the same general fallacy. Mediæval physiologists were fond of noting that seven months is the least in which a child may be born and live, that the teeth spring out in the seventh month and are renewed in the seventh year, that he becomes a youth at twice seven, at four times seven is in full possession of his strength, at five times is fitted for the business of the world, at six times seven he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times is at his apogee; at eight times seven is his first climacteric, and at nine times seven is his grand climacteric.

Gasoline a Moth Destroyer.

"What shall I do with my fur cape?" an anxious damsel was overheard by a Pittsburg *Chronicle* reporter inquiring of a druggist lately. "I have been away on a visit and there have been moths in my friend's wardrobe, for first I found one little bare place in my cape where there ought to have been fur, and now there is another and I am in despair."

"It is useless to try to find moths in a fur cape," was the druggist's answer. "But take a big bottle of gasoline and sprinkle your cape with it. Then roll it [illegible] for a day of two, and [illegible] more bare spots unless [illegible] and hang it in the same

FARM, FIELD, GARDEN.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN READERS.

American Cultivator's Plan for Making "Richer Manures on the Farm—Supplementing Stable Manures with Potash, Phosphates and Nitrates.

A large part of the value of fertilizers is due to the promptness of their action. Stable manures are proverbially slow. They are composed generally in great part of coarse straw or other material used for bedding, and except from grain fed animals the excrement contains a small proportion of available plant food. Fresh dung is not available until some fermentation takes place. Until warm weather incites this the stable manure does little good. After the heats of summer begin the coarse manure in large amount may even injure crops by increasing droughts. The manure applied in spring is often only brought into solible form by autumn, when fall rains and winter snows are ready to wash away the most valuable portion into ditches and rivers.

We believe in stable manure, but wish that it were more immediately available. Two ways are open for doing this, one indirect, by feeding richer foods containing more nitrogenous and mineral elements, and the other direct, by adding to the manure pile potash, phosphate and nitrates in the concentrated forms in which they are furnished in commercial manures. This is what may often be done with great advantage. Stable manures are generally apt to be deficient in phosphate, and the commercial phosphate contains at best only very small proportions of ammonia, though this rather than the mineral is what gives grain its more vigorous growth at the start. In an ammoniated phosphate there is usually only about 2 per cent. of ammonia, or in a dressing of 100 pounds per acre about 2 pounds. It is evident, therefore, that a mixture of the phosphate with stable manure benefits both, by making and keeping both in available condition for crops.

A still greater improvement to most manure heaps is the addition with the phosphate of a dressing, say of twenty-five pounds of muriate of potash, evenly distributed to each load of manure. Eight loads of such manure per acre would give a dressing of 200 pounds of nitrogen in available form, and do any crop more good than either the phosphate or stable manure alone could possibly do. What is wanted in stable manure is a tendency to decompose rapidly, and nothing better promotes this than muriate of potash. Phosphate alone is liable quickly to revert to insoluble forms, and nitrate of soda is the best preventive of this. The muriate of soda is more expensive per ton than commercial phosphate, but is more effective for immedi

[illegible]

[illegible], JANUARY 8, 1890.

FRED K. WRIGHT, - - FRANK CONEVERY,
Editors and Proprietors.

THE disappearance of the tin [illegible] in the Black Hills is accounted for by the fact that a wind-cave has been discovered in that section.

THE assignees of Delamater & Co. have filed their statement of the affairs of the firm. It shows the total assets of the bank and of individual members of the firm to be $471,000. The total liabilities are estimated at $1,040,000.

THE New York *World* says that "With flat money and inflation by silver certificates with no silver back of them for the Republican shibboleth, the Republican business men's votes in this city at the next election will be very generally Democratic."

THE Harrisburg *Patriot* gives the following tariff picture: "During the year 1889 there were 10,907 business failures throughout the United States, the number being 25 greater than in 1888. The liabilities for the past year amount to $189,000,000, as against $148,000,000 in 1889. *These are the largest liabilities since 1884.*"

THE Williamsport opponents of Senator Cameron are booming Hon. H. C. McCormick for the Senate. Would the gentleman be an improvement on the present incumbent? The only argument brought to bear on his fitness for the position is his record as a mere partisan. If this is the only qualification needed then Mr. McCormick should be elected at once.

THE United States has had a Federal elections act for twenty years. It has worked well. It has made elections pure in our great cities. It has suppressed Democratic frauds in New York. *Philadelphia Press.* But what about Philadelphia? Has the law in question suppressed Republican frauds of the most glaring character in that city? The *Press* should be honest and admit that the Force bill is not intended to suppress Republican frauds.

THE country is to be congratulated. The Force bill was laid aside last Monday in the Senate by the vote of the Democrats, assisted by eight Republican Senators, and the Finance bill taken up. Advocates of the Force bill say this was accomplished by the shrewd tactics of the Democrats and free coinage men and a breach of faith on the part of the Republican Senators. Again, we say, the country is to be congratulated, no matter how the infamous attempt to revive Tory-Federalism was tabled.

THE State Legislature convened at Harrisburg last Tuesday. Mr. C. C. Thompson, of Warren county, was elected Speaker. As Mr. Thompson is a Cameron man this would seem to indicate that the Senator's view of a re-election, much as such choice will be deplored by the Philadelphia *Press*, whose owner is a candidate for Senatorial honors. Mr. John W. Morrison, of Allegheny, was made Chief Clerk. After the selection of Clerk the state committee got in its work and the remainder of the appointments were made in a body, in accordance with the previously arranged programme. Mr. E. M. Smiley, of Venango county, was made Chief Clerk of the Senate. Although Tioga county had several candidates for positions in the Legislature, the name of no Tioga county man appears in the list of appointments.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says: "Mr. Harrison is no longer confining himself to secretly manipulating the wires that are being laid to secure him a renomination in 1892. He is now openly a candidate; and no Republican of any prominence who visits him leaves the White House without being made aware of that fact, and he is losing no opportunity of making deals to secure delegates to the next Republican National Convention. Ex-Senator Bruce, to whom he gave the second best local office in the District of Columbia; ex-Representative Lynch, whom he made one of the Auditors of the Treasury, and a negro named Europe, who holds a position in the Post Office Department, are relied upon to control the negro delegates from the South, and his own State has, he thinks, been made solid for him by his making friends with Treasurer Huston, who some time ago tendered his resignation in a huff because he thought himself and wife had not been treated with sufficient consideration by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison."

WHEN Democrats reapportion a State there is a great howl among Republicans, who allege all manner of fraud, but when a Republican gerrymander is contemplated it is a desirable movement. A Harrisburg [illegible] says: "The idea of preparing a [illegible] apportionment bill by the [illegible] and administration [illegible] to be [illegible] public [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] by the Force Bill.

[illegible] why all be refused to [illegible] for an increase of wages [illegible] why did he not employ those Huns for the purpose of [illegible] his American workmen and prevent their asking for more pay, by showing that their places would be filled by Huns? But the Huns have proved troublesome, and Carnegie little deserves the loyal support he has and is receiving from the American employes in the Edgar Thompson Steel Works.

WHY CAMERON IS OPPOSED.

According to the tautologist of the Philadelphia *Press*, one of the chief reasons why Senator Cameron should be defeated is that he affiliates with Democratic Senators, particularly those from the South. On this ground the *Press* is bitterly opposing his re-election to the Senate. Opposition to a public man, based on such a principle—if it may be called such a strained assumption, inasmuch as it gives evidence of either limited mental power or the prostitution of the honest opinion of the writer. Ex-Chairman Thomas V. Cooper, editor of the Delaware County *American*, a Republican journal of standing, says of the position of the *Press*:

"Here editorial dignity falls below the creative power of petty faction, and wallows in the dregs of the most profound silliness. The personal friendships of men in public life, especially for those of opposite views, and the fact that these friendships are shared by all of our people, is one of the best evidences of the strength of our Republic, and well of freedom. Here men have not only the liberty of thought, but of action, and full liberty of all that relates to friendships and the fireside, without subjecting themselves to suspicion—we are sorry we cannot say without subjecting themselves to public criticism from partisan sources. The course of the *Press* mars the complete statement, just as it should be made throughout all of this land. Heedless men who accept its criticism upon Senator Cameron's personal friendships should look about them and see what liberty is left for themselves if this doctrine is permitted to obtain. It is too light for discussion, and should have died from premature birth. We beg the *Press* to drop it as something beneath the dignity of a great journal. It is only a stained straw which, if found in less liberal hands, will be preserved as something to show that illiberal winds can blow upon the free soil of America."

The position taken by Mr. Cooper is both honest and manly. It represents the true principle of American liberality. Mr. Cooper is a pronounced Republican, yet he doesn't believe that either himself or his party will be injured if he has a friend or two in the South, West or East. Senator Cameron is also a Republican, but he evidently believes in a republican form of government, as his position in regard to the Force bill would seem to indicate. He is not alone is his opposition to this measure; there is plenty of congenial company in his own party. There are many Republicans who believe in Republicanism, and who are opposed to the use of force to maintain party supremacy. In the language of Mr. Cooper this "is one of the best evidences of the strength of our Republic, and as well of its freedom." Simply because Senator Cameron, as a matter of principle, opposes the Force bill, and has a few warm friends in the South, he is styled a traitor to his party. To be called a traitor because of opposition to a scheme which would abridge the Constitutional rights of the American citizen is an honor, which would be greater if the source were more reputable. In insisting upon rights inherited as the result of the Revolution, Senator Cameron is simply doing his duty, and, in so doing is deserving of the support of all fair-minded citizens, whether Democrat or Republican.

MCKINLEY'S WOOLEN TAX.

The Chicago "Tribune" Has Been Doing Some Figuring.

Some of the most unjust and most oppressive duties in the McKinley tariff are the duties under the woolen schedules. Were woolen clothing a necessity with our people if any thing is such, and to lay the oppressive hand of taxation upon it after the McKinley fashion is to burden the people of this country to an extent almost criminal.

The Chicago Tribune, the greatest anti-McKinley Republican paper of the west, has been doing some figuring on these wool and woolen duties. The result is given in the following table:

	Old.	New.
Merino wools	40 20	54 10
Combing wools	42 14	61 52
Carpet wools	24 60	38 00
Worsted wools	71 51	126 22
Woolen cloths	71 45	90 82
Worsted cloths	67 71	105 32
Blankets, hats and flannels	[illegible] 97	96 67
Women's and children's dress g'ds.	[illegible] 00	88 37
Cotton warp	[illegible] 03	
Ditto, all wool	[illegible] 25	110 83
Ready made clothing	[illegible] 11	99 76
Clothing, jackets, etc., for women	[illegible] 09	82 10
Webbings, dress trimmings, etc.	[illegible] 25	80 11
Carpets	[illegible] 31	60 88
Total manufactured wool	[illegible] 15	91 65
Total wool schedule	[illegible] 96	[illegible] 41

The Tribune goes further with its figuring and makes a careful calculation of the entire cost of these McKinley duties to the country. It estimates this total cost at from $100,000,000 to $120,000,000 a year. This is, as it shows, nearly $2 per head for the entire population of the United States, or for each family nearly $10 a year. As, however, the bulk of woolen goods is consumed in the [illegible] of the colder climates, it justly concludes that the cost to each family will average not less than $

PRICES OF THE McKINLEY TARIFF.

Manufacturers Form Trusts and Make Money Out of the Farmer.

[illegible]

Washington, D. C. The Democratic Congressman from the Peoria district of Illinois, will be remembered here to-day as the general manager of the Western Association of Plow Manufacturers. He was a guest at the Arlington, and was interviewed by the writer. Mr. Adams is a Democrat, and is a strong advocate of the tariff reform principles. He is also a practical plow manufacturer, and is thoroughly familiar with the workings of the plow trust. Pacific coast wheat will make a flour whatever it is a question as to what was known as a wheat area which was formerly considered adapted to flour. Experts have been assigned to numerous [illegible] to have been designated in numerous times. He said:

"Now you remember that the ninety per cent. of the tariff on plows, the implements and the duplications employed to secure uniformity and plainness in framing treaties it is impossible to overcome that a part of this great magnificent [illegible] has been omitted from the McKinley [illegible] by Mr. Adams and Mr. [illegible] was accessible for [illegible] efforts in their [illegible] committee impossible that such a fact could have escaped the notice of [illegible] and Dwight [illegible] of Iowa and Mr. Robertson who have taken an [illegible] in the [illegible] Republican party. [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Paper For This Week Only!

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Watch this space for our Paint "ad." next week.

VAN HORN & JENNINGS.

N.B. Henry Drumm's new book next week.

LOCAL NOTICES.

If you once use Scouten coffee you will always use it and think the man who sold you the first pound a friend.

Cash paid for good live hogs, weighing not over 250 pounds.—W. H. FRETZ.
Wellsboro, Dec. 11, 1890-tf.

PERSONS who get their sale bills printed at the GAZETTE office will receive a free notice in the columns of the GAZETTE.

THE *Scientific American*, referred to in another column, under the heading of "Patents," is the very best publication in this country for those interested in science, engineering, mechanics, inventions, etc. A copy of the *Scientific American* may be seen at the office of this paper, where subscriptions will be received.

VAN OSTEN & DAY'S CONCERT COMPANY will give an entertainment at Annandale Hall under the auspices of George Cook Post, G. A. R., next Monday evening. The company is very highly spoken of by the press where they have given this concert. The entertainment is given by Cook Post for the purpose of making up a deficit of $100, caused by defraying the expenses of the Soldiers' Reunion last August. Tickets, 35 and 50 cents, on sale at Spalding's drug store. Give the "vein" a lift.

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1891.

New Advertisements.

Patents—Mimn & Co.
Announcement—John Suhr.
Announcement—James Hazlett.
Sheriff's Sales—F. M. Sheffer, Sheriff.
Ordinances of Wellsboro—Borough Papers. Magazines, etc.—Van Horn & Jennings.
Administrator's Sale of Estate of Millie A. Buck.
Notice of Applications for License—Robert C. Cox, Clerk.

Announcements.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of High Constable of the borough of Wellsboro. JAMES HAZLETT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of High Constable of the borough of Wellsboro. JOHN SUHR.

LOCAL AND COUNTY AFFAIRS.

—Logs are being hauled in at a rapid rate.

—Scarlet fever still prevails at Roseville.

—Tioga is to have a Chautauqua Reading Circle.

—Knoxville boasts of having twenty-six widows.

—Mr. Seth Daggett, of Blossburg, is to remove to Bellefonte.

—VanOsten & Day's Concert Company next Monday evening.

—Call and examine the GAZETTE'S premium sewing machine.

—Nine horses died with the pink-eye at Blossburg last week.

—The ice crop is being harvested. It is about 18 inches thick.

—Elkland boasts of having the finest post-office in the county.

—The big snow banks "took a sweat" last Thursday and Friday.

—Mr. Fred McDougal has removed from Mansfield to Round Top.

—The condition of the sidewalks has not improved any during the past week.

—Miss Daisy Wells, of Covington, has taken charge of A. B. A. Briggs' music store.

—Mr. W. H. Hudson has been elected Commander of Deming Post, G. A. R., of Millerton.

—Beefsteak run through a sausage cutter is a new idea; it is more tender and digestible.

—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker died of cholera infantum last Saturday.

—Many men are patiently waiting for Old Sol to remove the snow and ice from their sidewalks.

—Mr. John W. Bailey has been confined to the house for several days by an attack of bronchitis.

—Mrs. Lyra S. Walker has been elected Commander of Markhurst Post, No. 591, G. A. R.

—Mr. [illegible] Smith, of Sabinsville, celebrated [illegible]

—The New Year's [illegible] was [illegible]

—Mr. [illegible] studying [illegible] locate at [illegible]

—A Mansfield [illegible] from Canada [illegible]

—Many [illegible] have [illegible] since and [illegible]

—Some of the new leaves that were turned [illegible] a year ago will not bear [illegible] scrutiny now.

—Think of it, a sewing machine with all the late improvements and the GAZETTE for one year for $45.

—If snug Winter weather insures a healthy summer next season will probably be wonderfully healthy.

[illegible] voted for [illegible] a vote of 118 [illegible] last Tuesday. The contest is [illegible] very spirited.

[illegible] A. J. Fink has received from [illegible] East Farmington, where she will reside with her son, H. F.

Some of the country roads are still in a terrible condition. In very places the [illegible] are filled in always.

[illegible] G. D. Pratt of Canton, N. Y., [illegible] to Knoxville. He is a [illegible] of the firm of Black, Pratt & Co.

[illegible] of the C. C. I. [illegible] by the [illegible]

[illegible] in the [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] Conway [illegible] by the death of his [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] Thursday. [illegible] of iron [illegible] about the mill, and Mr. S. L. Harrington had a narrow escape from death. As it was [illegible] of the [illegible] left shoe, inflicting an ugly wound.

—Tioga county had 18 divorce cases before the recent term of court held in Wellsboro. Let Chicago haul down her flag.—*Ulysses Sentinel.* This county is certainly getting a reputation in this direction. It's becoming fashionable for York State's mismatched couples to seek relief through the Pennsylvania courts.

—Mr. C. Englehart, an old man who has for many years lived the life of a hermit near Millerton, has been placed in the poor-house. When found by a committee from Deming Post, Englehart was ill on a bed of rags and without either food or fire. During the past few years he has eked out an existence by making baskets.

The Methodist, Presbyterian and First Baptist Churches are observing the week of prayer by a series of union prayer meetings. The first meeting was held on Tuesday evening at the Presbyterian church. Last night's meeting was held at the First Baptist Church and the meeting this Thursday evening will be held at the M. E. Church.

A series of revival meetings are being held at the Free Will Baptist Church by Rev. U. A. White, an evangelist from Ohio. The meetings are under the auspices of the Christian Church of Charleston, this organization having obtained permission to use the Free Will Baptist church. Mr. White is a young man and a pleasing and entertaining speaker.

—Mr. Benjamin Hogencamp, an aged farmer of Jackson township, had a narrow escape from a serious accident while at Elmira one day last week. As he attempted to stop a runaway horse on one of the streets of that city, one of the thills penetrated his coat and he was dragged for some distance, when the horse stumbled and fell upon him, injuring him quite badly.

—A couple of drunken young men were placed in the Mansfield lockup for safe keeping a few nights since. One of the prisoners set fire to the bedding in the cell. The flames were extinguished before any great damage had been done. The prisoners were fined $5 each for being drunk, while the would-be fire bug was compelled to pay $3 additional for his amusement in this direction.

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—A Covington woman, the mother of 11 children, 11 of whom are girls, never made a dress in her life until within the past two weeks.

The Williamsport *Sun* came out in a handsome new dress of minion type last Friday. The *Sun* is an entertaining and reliable journal.

Sylvester has organized a Farmers' Alliance Lodge with 41 charter members. Brookfield has organized a similar lodge with 41 members.

Messrs. John Boag, of Arnot, Campbell Hazlett, of Morris Run, and Morgan Davis, of Antrim, have received their certificates as mine bosses.

—Miss Gertrude Langley has resigned her position as teacher of Latin and gymnastics at the Mansfield Normal School, to enter the matrimonial field.

—Prof. O. V. Palmer, a former resident of Sullivan, has opened a shorthand reporting bureau at Philadelphia, in connection with a commercial college.

—Mrs. A. Edwards, of Osceola, is the author of a late pamphlet on the physiological and hygenic effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system.

—Mr. Charles Rexford, of Gaines, was in town on Tuesday. He is just completing a job of getting in 5,000,000 feet of logs on Meeker run, on Pine creek.

—A free oyster supper was furnished to the poor of Lawrenceville on Wednesday evening of last week, by the St. John's Chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood.

—Frank Rickland, proprietor of the Daggett House at Lawrenceville, has been awarded the contract for carrying the mail from the post-office to the depot.

—While the funeral services of the late Chester Robinson were being held last Saturday afternoon all the business places and law offices were closed as a mark of respect.

A member of the Council says there is little fear of a further spread of diphtheria, as there is only one case within the borough limits and every precaution is being taken.

—Last evening about twenty ladies of this place enjoyed a "straw ride" to Potter's, where supper was served. As a "hen party" it is said to have been a very enjoyable affair.

—Mr. Will H. Thurber has been placed in charge of the uptown telegraph office, Mr. Charles Hoadley having acted as operator pending the selection of Mr. Harry Willcox's successor.

Elkland continues to boom. The *Journal* says: "We expect to be able to announce the location of two more important manufacturing establishments in our lively town next week."

—The [illegible] annual reception of the C. T. A. Society was held at Blossburg last Thursday evening. Supper was served at Shuler's Hotel and was enjoyed by over one hundred couples.

—The mill yard of T. B. Field & Son at the Summit is being stocked with from six to seven million feet of hemlock logs. All their lumber is planed, and the wood of all is for the Boston market.

—Pensions have been granted to the following residents of Tioga county since our last report: Original—Eugene Boulin, Austinburg. Original Widows, etc.—M. E., widow of Cornelius Kimble, Liberty.

—Miss Mattie Mitchell, of Blossburg, who had an attack of la grippe last Winter and has since been an intense sufferer with a disease of the eye, has been compelled to go to Philadelphia to seek medical aid.

—Quite a number of our business men went down to Stokesdale Junction on Tuesday evening and had a huge time on skates. The flats at the Junction are covered with ice and the skating is said to be fine.

—The reception and banquet given by Crary Hose Company, of Westfield, on Christmas night, is said to have been one of the finest entertainments ever given in this county. The receipts amounted to about $200.

—Mr. Charles Sandbach has again assumed charge of the Sandbach House, his son, Richard, having returned to Brooklyn. We are glad to see Mr. Sandbach back at the old stand. Mr. T. J. Anderson has been secured as clerk and bartender.

—Mr. George W. Kennedy, a prominent farmer [illegible] died at his home in Delmar last Friday evening, aged 62 years. Deceased had been [illegible] ill for more than a year previous. He was highly esteemed [illegible] and leaves a wid[illegible] and [illegible]

An Accident.

[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] Late [illegible] Wednesday [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Walter Girl.

She sees, she comes upon my yearning
Like friendly beacon shining thro' the night,
What tho' thy hands and feet be large thy head
And countenance alike be fiery red;
My joy at seeing you is part control—
Thou token of plenty to my famished soul!
She comes to learn my lightest whim or wish,
And murmurs—
"Soup or fish?"

Daughter of Erin, skittish are thy ways
Perchance by meal you'll bring some of these days
O, why procrastinate? Why, why go slow?
Art waiting for the ham-and-eggs to grow?
At length she comes again upon the scene
And leans upon me with a smile serene;
Like champagne bottle popping out its cork
She shouts out—
"Beefsteak?"

O, fair one, tho' no drinking man am I—
I fain some mild, light beverage would try.
Not only hungry am I, but athirst;
And I could drink until my hide would burst.
O, for ice-water, milk or lemonade.
Sour and drink brine was, I trow, heavenly
maid!
At last she sees my signal and far off
Shouts at me—
"Lemonade!"

Come, come, thou shy, coy maid, hear my appeal—
Have I come to the end of this my meal?
Is this small ration all I am to draw?
Must I go fasting 'round forever at my grave?
You think I've "finished"—true, 'tis not to eat
Ah, but I'm a boarder's wants you know
If you but listen if you only would;
She answers—
"Dessert!"

Boston Beacon.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

The little silver clock in the throne-room was gradually mounting toward the minutes, the leaves hung motionless in the hothouse-like air and the scent of the perfumed swans of pearls cut has pervaded everything as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple-tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square pocket-handkerchief of yellow silk.

"Phew!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much. I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"Sold a-feet-a-weak-a-his for days' wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the pungent billows of green with a fork which gleamed like serried lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich landowner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please?" said he.

"Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish I could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a makeshift bridge formed by a fallen cedar tree. Far down in the green cross-lights and glinting reflections of the glen, he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing, and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her, out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooning—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on.

The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked at it with a complacent sense of proprietorship as he went around to the backdoor, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. The roomy kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white-board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kitty came running out of the front room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be asleep, and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser-shelf. Asleep!"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down, but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely it isn't 12 o'clock yet?"

"It don't lack many minutes of it," said the squire, gloomily, looking at the big, wooden clock, whose fat, black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebula of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. My head aches, but I don't take to my bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hay-field he manually expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and keep for if it ain't to see that meals is reg'lar and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame-winged pigeon, "but I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty (to the child), wash these potatoes in the sink as quick as you can, and time the beets, while I run out for some kindlings to hurry up the fire."

A minute afterward he could hear the quick strokes of the hatchet and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to haying-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulantly, "as if everything hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing shrewdly over the top of the tin potato-pan, "why don't you go out and split the kindlings and let mother 'tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley quickly, as she touched a match to the mass of crumpled papers under the grate, "the last *Gazette* snarled that you were ignorning Kitty's [illegible]"

"Then," said Kitty, the infant terrible, "how do you suppose mother likes it?"

In an instant, however, her fickle, childish [illegible]

"See!" she cried; "there come Cousin Mary and Mr. Dallas over the hill! Oh, father, they're engaged. Did you know it?"

"Yes," absently answered the squire, intent on his paper.

"I was in the parlor that night; it thundered and rained so hard," said Kitty, with a twinkling eye, "and they didn't know it. And I heard them talking to each other. And he called her his darling love——"

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "A reg'lar case o' spooning."

"And she said he was her dearest, dearest one," added Kitty, the circumstantial.

"Young fools!" snapped Squire Sadley.

"Father," said Kitty, leaning on his shoulder, she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of the stern despot, "don't all lovers talk so?"

"They're fools for their pains if they do."

"Didn't you love mother when she was a girl like Cousin Mary? Didn't you say just such tender things to her?"

The squire frowned uneasily in his chair under the calm, searching light of Mary's eyes.

"I might be done," he owned at last. "I s'pose I was just as great an idiot as other folks be."

"I don't see why people ever leave it off," said Kitty abstractedly. "Was mother a pretty girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the squire, almost angrily, and he got up and walked around to the old wooden bench beside the well curb.

Had Kitty's mother been a pretty girl? Yes, that she had—rose-cheeked and limpid-eyed, with a laugh sweet as the note of a thrush, and the lightest foot in a Virginia reel of any girl in the neighborhood. And now—I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature," she had said, in the faint, weary accents, looking at him out of the dim faded eyes; "and I don't blame you for getting out of patience." Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"I don't know," said the squire, staring at heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I 'most think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots o' hired help about the farm, and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius o' twenty miles around Kingsley church. And to look at her now!"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute," he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they ain't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinkin' of all these years. Leave off loving her? I han't never left it off. I love her now, bless her faithful, patient soul, as well as ever I did, only I've fell into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't."

He kept his word.

"Engaged, Mary? Is it really a settled thing?" said Mrs. Sadley. "Oh, I hope you'll be happy. I hope, after twelve years of marriage, dear Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a fain't color glowed on her ordinary pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work, so as to spare me? And there is such an easy, spring-upholstered sofa in the hall in place of the lumpy old lounge, and there's one of the hay-hands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style next week, and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons, just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonesonce, you know! And yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Poor soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad!" said Mary. "But you deserve it all, Cousin Eunice."

And the newly betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand. For what else could so have changed the squire?

They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: "Good in all, and none all good."—*Amy Randolph in N. Y. Leader.*

QUEER IDEAS OF TELEGRAPHY.

A Prospective Bride Was Doubts as to a Young Operator's Fitness.

Lot Lee, who takes the day report of the Associated Press, was wondering the other day if the operator at the Union Station had as many queer customers as were current about that place a few years ago. "I suppose he has," said Mr. Lee, continuing his reflections. "When I was there it certainly was the best place on earth to make the discovery as to how little knowledge some people have of telegraphy.

I remember one morning about 4 o'clock, while I was at work, a comely maiden of, say, eighteen or twenty summers came and [illegible] the window watching me [illegible] while at work. She was evidently of rural extraction, and was rather an intelligent-looking person. She wanted to send a telegram, and she wanted to send it to a young man at Connersville, and dictated the message to me. She was, so she told me, going to be married the next day, and she wanted to let him know that she would be on the 11 o'clock train. She said she would be dressed in white, and would wear a veil, and that he must not fail to meet her at the station. I told her that I would send the message at once, and that I thought it would reach him in time. She thanked me and went away.

Two days later I received a package of wedding cake, with the compliments of the bride. The cake was very fine, and I ate a piece of it. I have since received pieces of wedding cake from [illegible] parts of the country, but I never knew what it was all about.

An operator in a state fair [illegible] was approached by a young man who had been [illegible] and who asked him if he knew anything about [illegible] He said he did not, and the young man went away. Then the operator got to thinking that he might be able to find out something about the matter, and he sent a message to the manager of the [illegible] asking if he knew anything about [illegible] The manager replied in the affirmative, and the operator sent a message to the young man telling him that he could get [illegible] for a dollar. The young man came back with the money, and the operator sent the message to the manager. Then he waited for the answer, which was to the effect that [illegible] was a fraud, and that he had better look out for him. The operator sent the message to the young man, and he left the office.

An amusing incident lately occurred on the Metropolitan road. Farlow [illegible] was making his usual trip to the city, when he noticed a man in the car who was evidently a stranger to him. The man was apparently about 30 years of age, and was dressed in a suit of clothes which had evidently been made for a much smaller man. The coat was tight across the shoulders, and the sleeves were short, while the trousers were so tight that the man could hardly get into them. He was evidently a countryman, and was on his way to the city to get married. He had a package in his hand, which Farlow thought contained his wedding clothes. Farlow [illegible] the man, and found that he was right in his surmise. The man was on his way to the city to get married, and had his wedding clothes in the package. Farlow [illegible] the man, and found that he was right in his surmise. The man was on his way to the city to get married, and had his wedding clothes in the package. Farlow [illegible] the man, and found that he was right in his surmise. The man was on his way to the city to get married, and had his wedding clothes in the package.

Utilizing Old Tin Pots.

In Paris the thousands of [illegible] are [illegible] away every month form the [illegible] for an [illegible] ity which has created [illegible] preparations. These [illegible] are [illegible] paid by [illegible] in the collection [illegible] out of [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the